

## SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

If we knew the baby fingers  
    Pressed against the window pane,  
Would be cold and stiff tomorrow—  
    Never trouble us again—  
Would the bright eyes of our darling  
    Catch the frown upon our brow?  
Would the prints of rosy fingers  
    Vex us as they do now?  
Ahl those little, ice cold fingers.  
    How they point our memories back  
To the hasty words and action  
    That made us back and track!  
How those little hands remain—  
    As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
    For our reaping by and by.

—Old Song.

## PUNCH'S EXAMPLE.

The first class smoking carriage was the emptiest in the whole train, and even this was hot to suffocation, because my only companion denied me more than inch of open window. His chest, he explained curtly, was "susceptible." As we crawled westward through the glaring country, the sun's rays beat on the carriage roof till I seemed to be crushed under an anvil, counting the strokes. I had dropped my book and was staring listlessly out of the window.

At the other end of the compartment my fellow passenger had pulled down all the blinds and hidden his face behind *The Western Morning News*. He was a red faced, choleric little man of about sixty, with a salient stomach, a prodigious nose, to which he carried snuff about once in two minutes, and a marked deformity of the shoulders. For comfort, and also perhaps to hide this hump, he rested his back in the angle by the window. He wore a black alpaca coat, a high stock, white waistcoat and trousers of shepherd's plaid. On no definite grounds, I guessed him to be a lawyer and unmarried.

Just before entering the station at Lostwithiel, our train passed between the white gates of a level crossing. A moment before I had caught sight of the "George" drooping from the church spire, and at the crossing I saw it was regatta day in the little town. The road was full of people and lined with sweet standings, and by the near end of the bridge a Punch and Judy show was just closing performance. The orchestra had unloosed his drum and fallen to mopping the back of his neck with the red handkerchief that had previously bound the pan pipes to his chin. A crowd hung around, and among it I noted several men and women in black, hideous blots in the pervading sunshine.

The station platform was thronged as we drew up, and it was clear at once that all the carriages in the train would be besieged without regard to class. By some chance, however, we were disregarded and escape seemed likely till the very last moment. The guard's whistle was between his lips, when I heard a shout, then one or two feminine screams and a party of seven or eight came tearing out of the booking office. Every one of them was dressed in complete black. They were, in fact, the people I had seen staring at the Punch and Judy show.

A moment later the door of our compartment opened and we were invaded. They tumbled in over my legs, panting, laughing, exclaiming, calling to each other to hurry—an old man, two youths, four middle aged women and a little girl about four years old. My choleric fellow passenger leaped up, choking with wrath, and shouted to the guard. But the door was slammed on his indignation, and we moved off. He sat back, purple above his stock, rescued his malacca walking stick from under the coat tails of a subsiding youth, stuck it upright between his knees and glared around at the intruders. They were still possessed with excitement over their narrow escape and unconscious of offense. One of the women dropped into the corner seat and took the little girl on her lap. The child's dusty boots rubbed against the old gentleman's trousers. He shifted his position, grunted, and took snuff furiously.

"That was nibby nibby," the old man of the party observed, while his eye wandered around for a seat.

"I thought I should ha' died," said a robust woman, with a wort on her cheek and yard of crapes hanging from her bonnet. "Can't 'a' find nowhere to sit, uncle?"

"Reckon I must shift 'pon your lap, Susannah." This was said with a chuckle, and the woman tittered. "What new fangled game be this o' the Great Western's. Arms to the seats, I declare. We'll have to sit intimate, my dears."

"Tis first class," another woman announced in an awed whisper. "I saw it 'pon the door. You don't think they'll fine us."

"All comes of our stoppin' to glare at that Punch an Judy," the old fellow went on, after I had shown them how to turn back the arm rests and they were settled in something like comfort. "But I never could refrain from that antic—the I feels condemned, too, in a way—an poor Thomas laid in earth no later than 11 this mornin'. But in the midst of life we are in death."

"I don't remember a more successful buryn," said the woman with the wart. "That was part luck, you see—it been regatta day an' the fair not properly begun. I saw a lot at the cemetery I didn't know by face, an I reckon they was mostly excursionists that caught sight of a funeral an followed it, to fill up the time."

"Well, it all added."

"Oh, ay; Thomas was beautifully interred."

The heat in the carriage by this time was hardly more overpowering than the smell of crapes, broadcloth and camphor. The youth who had wedged himself next to me carried a large packet of "fairing," which he had bought at one of the sweet stalls. He began to insert it into his side pocket, and in his struggles drove an elbow sharply into my ribs. I shifted my position a little.

"Tom's wife would ha' felt it a source o' pride, had she live."

But I ceased to listen; for in moving I had happened to glance at the farther end of the carriage, and there my attention was arrested by a curious little

piece of pantomime. The little girl—a dark eyed, intelligent child, whose pallor was emphasized by the crapes which smothered her—was looking very closely at the old gentleman with the hump staring at him hard in fact. He, on the other hand, was leaning forward with both hands on the knob of his malacca, his eyes bent on the floor and his mouth squared to the surliest expression. He seemed quite unconscious of her scrutiny, and was tapping one foot impatiently on the floor.

After a minute I was surprised to see her lean forward and touch him gently on the knee.

He took no notice beyond shuffling about a little and uttering a slight growl. The woman who held her put out an arm and drew back the child's hand reprovingly. The child paid no heed to this, but continued to stare. Then in another two minutes she again bent forward and tapped the old gentleman's knee. This time she fetched a louder growl from him and an irascible glare. Not in the least daunted, she took hold of his malacca and shook it to and fro in her small hand.

"I wish to heavens, madam, you'd keep your child to yourself!"

"For shame, Annie!" whispered the poor woman, cowed by his look.

But again Annie paid no heed. Indeed she pushed the malacca toward the old gentleman, saying:

"Please, sir, will 'ee warm Mister Barrabel wi' this?"

He moved uneasily and looked harshly at her without answering. "For shame, Annie!" the woman murmured a second time; but I saw her lean back and a tear started and rolled down her cheek.

"If you please, sir," repeated Annie, "will 'ee warm Mister Barrabel wi' this?"

The old gentleman stared at her. In his eyes you could read the question, "What in the devil's name does the child mean?" The robust woman read it there and answered him huskily: "Poor mite, she's buried her father this mornin'; an Mister Barrabel is the coffin maker, an nailed 'im down."

"Now," said Annie, this time eagerly, "will 'ee warm him same as the big doll did just now?"

Luckily the old gentleman did not understand this last allusion. He had not seen the group around the Punch and Judy show, nor if he had it likely he would have guessed the train of thought in the child's mind. But to me, as I looked at my fellow passenger's nose and the deformity of his shoulders and remembered how Punch treats the undertaker, it was plain enough. I glanced at the child's companions. There was nothing in their faces to show that they took the allusion. And the next minute I was glad to think that I alone knew what had prompted Annie's speech.

For as I looked, with a beautiful change on his face, the old gentleman had taken the child on his knee and was talking to her as I dare say he had never talked before.

"Are you her mother?" he asked, looking up suddenly and addressing the woman opposite.

"Her mother's been dead these two year. I'm her aunt, an I'm takin' her home to rear 'long w' my own chilid."

He was bending over Annie, and had received his chat. It was all nonsense—something about the silver knob of his malacca—but it took hold of the child's fancy and comforted her. At the next station I had to alight, for it was the end of my journey. But looking back into the carriage as I shut the door, I saw Annie bending forward over the walking stick and following the pattern of its silver work with her small finger. Her face was turned from the old gentleman's, and behind her little black hat her eyes were glistening.—Arthur T. Quiller-Couch in Speaker.

## Discouragement for Jail Birds.

"Jail breaks" were being discussed by a number of gentlemen. "For the better security of prisoners charged with the more serious offenses they have adopted a very ingenious plan in that city of 'jail breaks,' Denver," said Mr. J. W. Freeman. "The principle upon which it is worked is this: A man is put into one of a number of iron cells, the cells being ranged in a circle. Then the whole thing is set in motion, but the construction renders the movement so gentle that it is not felt by any of the convicts. The result is that if an attempt be made to cut a hole at any point, with the idea of resuming the work at a future time, the attempt is frustrated, because by the regular movement the cell will be completely reversed at the time the prisoner returns to it from that which it occupied when he temporarily left it. The motion is kept up from morning till night, so that escape by ordinary methods is an impossibility.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Bought Old Pipes.

A valuable pipe that belonged to the late Lawrence Barrett had carved on its bowl an ideal head of Ophelia. The collecting of pipes was one of Barrett's hobbies, and he was often seen in some of the New York establishments looking up what he could find in the way of odd pipes. The pipes he usually bought were old ones that had been colored by other people.—Collector.

## Therapeutic Electricity.

The ordinary electric bath is one of the best means of stimulating and refreshing a patient in a debilitated state of health. One singular result is the removal of metallic poisons from the body. This is effected by electrolysis. The metallic poison will be found in the water after thirty minutes' sitting.—New York Telegram.

## Diet of the Guachos Indians.

The Guachos of the Argentine Republic live entirely on roast beef and salt, scarcely ever tasting farinaceous or other vegetable food, and their sole beverage is mate or Paraguay tea taken without sugar.—Gentleman's Magazine.

## Angel Cake.

Chop up green apples, raisins, bananas in quantities to suit; stick them in dough. Feed to the children and the angel part will materialize.—American Grocer.



Rev. James P. Stone  
of Lower Cabot, Vt., formerly of Dalton, N. H.

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"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family for many years past, with great benefit. We have, with confidence, recommended it to others for their various ailments, almost all of whom have certified to great benefit by its use. —REV. J. P. STONE.

## Honesty and Cheerfully

recommend it as the best blood purifier, we have ever tried. We have used others, but none with the beneficial effects of Hood's. Also, we deem Hood's Pills and Olive Oil most invaluable. Mrs. Stone says she cannot do without them." —REV. J. P. STONE.

## Better than Gold

Mr. Geo. T. Clapp, of Eastondale, Mass., says: "I am 82 years of age, and for 30 years have suffered with running sores on one of my legs. A few years ago I had two toes amputated, physicians saying I was suffering from gangrene and had but

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Eight months ago as a neighbor urged me, I began taking 'Hood's Sarsaparilla.' The whole lower part of my leg and foot was a running sore, but I bit the bullet and took it. I healed and I can truthfully say that I am in better health than I have been for many years. I have taken no other medicine and consider that I owe all my improvement to

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is better than gold." —I cheerfully verify the above statement of Mr. Clapp, whom I have known 30 years." J. M. HOWARD, Druggist, Eastondale, Mass.

## HOOD'S PILLS

are purely vegetable.

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from 7 to 9 P. M.

An abstract of the Annual Report made January 1, 1892, Board of Control of the State of New Jersey, and filed with the Department of the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Bonds and mortgages \$158,400.00

Real Estate 3,000.00

U. S. and other bonds 31,984.00

Investments and accrued 4,040.63

Office furniture, etc. 500.00

Cash in bank and office 19,975.87

\$217,899.60

LIABILITIES.

Due depositors (including interest) \$200,367.94

Surplus 17,531.66

\$217,899.60

Interest is credited to depositors on the first day of January and annually in each year for the three and one-half months preceding. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January, April, July, and October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal and bears interest accordingly.

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